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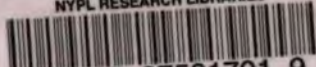
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# STRAY LEAVES.

BY

MIRIAM B. FRENCH.





1. Poetry, American

~~Pax~~

NB1  
French







(ORIGINAL.)

✧ STRAY \* LEAVES ✧

AND

◀ FRAGMENTS, ▶

BY

MYRIAM BEDELL FRENCH.

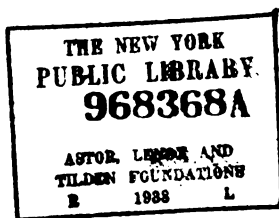
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TO GEORGE ARTHUR FRENCH,  
THIS LITTLE BOOK,  
WITH A MOTHER'S LOVE.

---

*A few of the pieces in this collection have been already published  
under the signature, JENNIE MARVIN; republished  
here for the gratification of some of  
the Author's friends.*

LC 1890 2



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# THIS LIFE.\*



TRUGGLING and pushing, wrangling and strife ;  
Methinks this indeed is a strange, busy life.

If anyone doubts it, to him let me say :

Walk out in New York at noon some fine day.

On Broadway, or the Battery—go through Fulton street,  
Or anywhere else down-town,—and you'll meet  
Such wrangling and pushing, such struggle and strife ;  
You'll then say with me—'tis a strange busy life.

Go, stand on the \*Bridge, and look down at the crowd,  
And list to the din so fearfully loud ;—

While old Sol throws his rays in fierce, burning heat,

O'er the hurrying masses, now thronging the street,

Just look at the horses, the 'busses, the drays :

All in collision, they block up the ways.—

Then, I'm sure you'll agree, 'tis a strange, busy life,

Full of wrangling and pushing, of struggle and strife.

Why rush on so madly—why hurry so fast ?

Their days are all numbered and soon will be past.

But, tho' thousands die yearly, I still must confess—

The crowds look to-day not a single one less.

Oh, where are they now, the thousands long gone ?

And where will they go, the thousands unborn ?—

Who will yet come, to live through this strange, busy life,

Full of wrangling and pushing, of struggle and strife ?

---

\*When this was written there was a bridge at Broadway and Fulton street, since removed.

## TO ELVINA.

—\* On the death of her only child. \*—

---



MOTHER, lift thy drooping head,  
Think not of thy child as dead.  
She is living, tho' away,  
In the realms of brightest day.  
Grieve no more, but dry thy tears ;  
Think in all the coming years,  
Free from suffering, free from pain,  
Your great loss, her greater gain.  
Too fair a flower on earth to dwell,  
God took her, for he loved her well.

# GOING TO EUROPE.



ONE bright and breezy autumn day  
From New York pier we sailed away ;  
With streamers flying, fair and gay,  
Our Ocean Queen passed out the Bay.



## ➤ The Storm at Sea. ➤



A still, calm night at sea, no air there seemed to be  
As our good ship crept slowly through  
The rippling waters free.  
Soft, fleecy clouds across the moon  
Were swiftly flying by ;  
All calm and still — no sail in sight —  
No sign that land was nigh.  
All lounged about the upper decks :  
Some laughed, and talked, and joked ;  
While others slept in steamer chairs, —  
Leaned o'er the rails, or smoked.



In one short hour, how all was changed :  
The wind began to rise —  
While all on board the Heavens scanned,  
With anxious troubled eyes.

"Those clouds mean storm," the captain said —  
With face a trifle pale ;  
"You're right, there, Sir !" the mate replied,  
"Such signs will never fail."

All hands were called ; they went to work —  
All brave men, good and true.  
Each hurried quickly to his task  
To do all each could do.

All now grows dark ; the billows roll ;  
Afar the foam crests rise —  
And gather strength, as on they rush  
To claim us for their prize.  
The passengers are sent below.  
The Demon storm now breaks  
In savage fury all around,  
Till every stout heart quakes.  
Anon, above the rage and roar  
Rings out the captain's shout :  
"Now, cut away the sails and spars ! —  
Now, throw the cargo out !"

But all in vain, our ship is doomed —  
Past possible relief.  
We drive in helpless, hopeless awe —  
"Oh, God, we're on the Reef !"  
The *fires are out*, the *engine stopped*,  
The storm still raged and tore —  
The billows sweep across the deck,  
And all is maddening roar.  
And densest darkness reigns around,  
Save for the lurid flash,  
Which, like a Demon tongue, springs out,  
*And oh, the thunder's crash !*

A faint light struggles in the east —  
The dawn is feebly breaking.  
The storm has lulled, the sun shines out,  
On hearts with anguish breaking.

We form a raft — our hope forlorn,  
Tho' all work with a will,  
All calling on our Father God,  
And trusting in Him still.  
Our raft is done, and kindly hands  
The feeble ones lift over ;  
All landed on that frail support  
Brave men, their heads uncover.

And many a silent prayer goes up  
To that Almighty Power,  
Who rules the raging of the storm  
E'en in its fiercest hour.  
Our lost ship still upon the rocks  
Is crashing, thumping ever.  
Ah ! now she parts — the oaken planks  
And clamps of iron sever.

And now she sinks quite out of sight.  
Our glorious Ocean Queen,  
Which braved so many storms before,  
Will never more be seen.  
We turn to our brave captain now —  
His eyes are full of tears ;  
He loved that noble craft, on which  
He'd sailed the seas for years.

But, hark ! what means that joyous shout ?  
While saddest eyes grow bright,  
As rings the glad and welcome cry —  
A *sail*, a *sail* in sight !

The signals set, with bated breathe,  
We hope, and fear again ;  
    Lest they should not our signals see,  
    Thus our glad hopes be vain.

In tremulous hands the glass is held,  
    And *once* there comes a cry :  
“ Alas, they do not see us yet —  
    Oh, *God*, they're passing by ! ”  
But still we hoped and prayed,  
    And still our signals in the breeze,  
And now the shout : “ They *see* ! they COME ! ”  
    Then all sank on their knees,  
    With humble thanks to Heaven.

They came and took us all on board ;  
    They gave us tender care.  
Our fellow-travelers on the deep,  
    God bless them *everywhere* !  
In due time all were landed safe  
    In the Haven where each would be.  
No soul was lost from our doomed ship,  
    In that dread *Storm at Sea*.

Now, to our noble captain, thanks !  
    To brave mates, and brave crew ;  
    To all brave passengers, who worked  
    That night of tempest through.  
But far above all other praise,  
    Be thanks to *God on high*,  
Who heard our cry from out the depths —  
    And willed we should not die.  
And oh, may each one saved that day  
    Press onward to the prize,  
And gain a home in that calm Haven,  
    Where storm can ne'er arise !

## GOING TO CONEY ISLAND.

---

**H**IP, Hurrah ! cries Johnnie Green,  
The greatest fun that ever was seen —  
We're going to Coney Island !  
We will go with the team, take berries and cream,  
And candies and cakes, *I know*.  
Then we go in a boat, and down the stream float,  
The girls and the boys will all go.

There'll be Flossie, and Carrie, and Billy, and Harry,  
And Tommy, and Sallie, and Joe,  
And Frankie, and Lenny, and Mabel, and Bennie,  
And Georgie, and Hattie, and James,  
And Millie, and Jennie, and Lizzie, and Henny ;  
But I forget some of their names.  
Hurrah for Coney Island !

We will go in the water and swim  
As we flounder about, just before we come out —  
Head and ears, I will duck Brother Jim.  
We are off — so, good day ! we are driving away —  
All merry and happy and hearty,  
Three cheers for our jolly Beach Party ;  
Hurrah for Coney Island !

---

MABEL. (6 Years old.)

Grandma', I have decided, and this is what I'll do —  
When I grow up a woman, I mean to be like you ;  
No, *I won't be taller*, that I have settled too,  
I'll be a sweet, dear, Grandma', and just as big as you.

## EVER \* FAITHFUL.

---



PALE, thin, little woman, obliged to sweep and scrub,  
And do the weekly washing, with many tedious rub ;  
Obliged to cook the dinner — to dust and make each bed,  
And wash up all the dishes — when hungry ones are fed.

And she must darn the stockings, and patch, and mend, and sew.  
Thus working — ever working each day, must come and go.  
Her only hour of comfort is when her day's work 's done,  
She climbs up to her attic — this lonely, weary one.

There reads the sacred volume -- by light so faint and dim,  
Then bends her knee in prayer, and sings her evening hymn.  
She cannot like this drudging, but tries to do her best,  
Believing up in Heaven she will find eternal rest.

For He has said, be faithful, e'en unto death be true,  
And I will give a fadeless crown, and joy and rest, to you ;  
And she believes His gracious word, the promises so sweet,  
And will struggle on through care and toil, to rest at Jesus' feet.



*"Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a Crown of Life."*

This great God given promise, is meant for you and me ;  
To death be faithful, and I'll give a crown of life to thee.

Be not discouraged by the way — when weary, look above,  
And He will send thee comfort down ; for God, our God is love !

Oh, then be faithful unto death, press onward to the prize,  
Tho' rough the road — the Saviour waits,  
To crown thee in the skies.

## ⇒ MY • WIFE. ⇒

*Selected, 1851, by G. F.*

**I** HAVE a wife, a dear young wife, a creature pure and mild,  
As happy and as innocent as any laughing child ;  
Her eyes are brighter than the stars that shine within the sky ;  
Yet still they glow with deepened light, whenever I am nigh.

I have a wife, a dear young wife, a creature kind and good ;  
Companion of my lightest hours, and those of darker mood —  
Her voice is sweeter far to me than carol of a bird ;  
A purer tone, I will believe, a mortal never heard.

Then may my wife, my dear young wife, whose love is so sincere,  
Who smiles when joy lights up my face — or gives me tear for tear,  
May she now sitting by my side, her head upon my breast —  
Be kindly blessed of her God, when I am laid to rest.



Woman's love is sometimes deathless, faithful, pure, and mild,  
Without a thought of self ; such love *she gives but to her child.*  
Man may prate of deathless passion, speaking in prose or rhyme,  
On bended knee, in any fashion ; *himself he loves best each time.*



### **A Prayer for Grace.**

Oh, I am very sad to-night !  
Dear Saviour, teach me what is right ;  
Send down thy spirit from above,  
And fill my heart with Heavenly love.  
In mercy teach me how to pray,  
And drive the tempter far away ;  
Give me thy Grace from sin to flee,  
And fix my faith and trust on thee.

## GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

June 10th, 1889.

I SAW an open grave to-day —  
Where once three lovely children lay ;  
Now when the earth was taken away,  
Nothing remained but black decay.  
Some bits of wood, a few small bones,  
A coffin plate, a screw, some stones.  
I turned away with inward moans,  
And said farewell in saddest tones.  
Farewell to what ? for naught was there,  
On which to lavish wish or prayer.  
But the freed spirits, bright and fair,  
I trust, now live in joy — *somewhere*.



## A Prayer.

WHEN the night of death steals o'er me,  
Earth is fading from my sight ;  
Saviour, let me know Thee near me,  
Let Thy presence give me light.  
Nearer then, my God, oh nearer,  
Come to me in that dark hour.  
Give me grace by faith to see Thee,  
And to trust Thy loving power.  
Safely lead me over Jordan —  
Give my trembling spirit rest,  
Free from care, from grief, and sorrow ;  
In the regions of the blest.

# THE • LAST • DAY.

---



Two children in a city home,  
One warm and sultry summer day,  
Oppressed with heat, these little ones  
Tried vainly with their toys to play.  
At length the eldest of the two—  
A bright eyed boy of seven years—  
Came to his mother's side and said,  
His face all wet with childish tears :  
"O, take us to the country, Ma !  
I want to see the birds and flowers,  
And chickens too, and play out-doors ;  
'Tis so hot in these rooms of ours.  
Willie wants to go there too.—  
He is not well, dear Ma, you know.—  
Please, ask Papa when he comes home,  
If he says *yes*, then will you go ?"

The mother kissed the upturned face  
And fondly smiled upon her boy.  
But when she answered "yes, we'll go,"  
The little ones were wild with joy.

They went, and 'mid the birds and flowers,  
And bright green fields, did gaily roam  
Till Autumn days were creeping on.  
Then Papa came to take them home.  
"O, let me go down to the pond,  
Just for a little while to play,"  
Said Jimmy. "Ma, please let me go ;  
Because you know, *'tis the last day.*"

Prophetic words) it was the LAST DAY ;  
The last of earthly days for him. —  
Now, as I write, my heart is sad,  
My eyes with unshed tears grow dim.

Dancing, laughing, off he ran  
So full of life, of mirth and joy. —  
Ah, when we saw that form again  
Grim death had claimed our darling boy.  
All pale and limb, they brought him back ;  
Poor Mama shrieked in wildest woe :  
“Oh, wake him up ! he can't be dead. —  
My Jimmy ! Oh, I loved him so.”  
The doctors tried their utmost skill ;  
But all in vain. Life's spark had fled.  
Our boy — but now so full of health, —  
Lay there before us, drowned and dead.

But I must draw the curtain now  
Upon our awful grief ;  
For He who sent this bitter woe,  
Alone can send relief.


---

*My dear little nephew,*

✱ JAMES T. ALLEN, ✱  
*was drowned at Bloomingdale, N. J.*

# FATHER 'S HOME AND SOBER.

---

NE evening, passing through the street,  
I saw two ragged urchins meet.  
Said one who seemed the eldest boy,  
While every feature beamed with joy :  
"John, Father 's home and sober !"

The other answered : "Is that so ?  
Then we'll have supper--that I know."  
So off for home those two did start ;  
But oh ! those words went to my heart :  
"John, Father 's home and sober."

Back, swift as lightning, flew my mind  
To that sad home just left behind,  
Where dwelt my children and my wife  
In poverty—a wretched life :  
Father 's not home—nor sober !

I thought of my poor Annie now,  
Her grief-bowed form, her care-worn-brow ;  
Then, further back to days of bliss,  
My Annie's smiles, my children's kiss—  
Bright days, when I was sober !

My heart grew very lone and sad,  
Remorse and shame near drove me mad ;  
    I knew that I caused all their woe—  
    I, once so proud, now, sunk so low—  
A drunkard—seldom sober !

Fierce was the struggle—hard the fight,  
Which raged within my soul that night.  
    I called for help—God, my prayer,  
    Chased from my breast the wild despair,  
And helped me to keep sober.

From rum, I vowed I would abstain,  
And touch the poison ne'er again.  
    I've kept that promise firm,—and they,  
    My happy children, now can say ;  
“Our father 's home--and sober.”

## ⇒ The Angry Man. ⇒

---



YOUNG Mr. Cuff got in a huff upon a rainy day ;  
And full of strife, went to his wife, and unkind words did say.  
She for a while tried pleasant smile and gentle means to use ;  
Then tired out, began to pout at undeserved abuse.  
She first said, " Dear, I pray you hear, just let me speak to you ; "  
She then said, " Cuff, you've said enough, now stop, I pray you do ! "  
He would not hear, but, like a bear, did bellow, stamp and fume ;  
Then Mrs. Cuff, quite right enough, arose and left the room.  
So she went out, and let him shout and rave and scold alone ;  
When she returned no anger burned, he calm and sweet had grown.  
Now all you wives who lead such lives, do like her, if you can :  
Pray, don't scold back, just clear the track for such an angry man !

---

## THE : GRAVES : AT : HEMPSTEAD.

---

How calmly do my loved ones sleep  
In their beds, so dark and deep !  
While standing lonely here, I weep  
O'er their graves at Hempstead.  
Parents, brothers, sister dear,  
All are resting sweetly here ;  
Nor heed the lone one, mourning near  
Their cherished graves at Hempstead.  
Step gently, stranger, o'er the ground,  
And blow ye breezes softly round ;  
A loved one rests within each mound—  
Each sacred grave at Hempstead.  
Sleep on, dear ones, till time has fled,  
When Gabriel's trump shall wake the dead,  
Then shall arise each lowly head  
From out the graves at Hempstead.

# One Woman's Life.



N orphan in childhood — the youngest of five,  
Sickly, and helpless, why did she survive ?  
They all wished her dead, the troublesome elf —  
In the years that came after, she oft' wished it herself.  
But she lived and she grew — as such little ones do —  
In a very short time, she was made useful too —  
Could run errands, mind babies, her nephews and nieces ;  
Could do many more things, as her small strength increases.  
Soon learned to wash dishes, do dusting and sweeping,  
Even then, when alone, she did plenty of weeping.  
For books she'd a passion, for study, and learning ;  
To gain education her heart was e'er burning.  
But this could not be ; for almost without knowing,  
She developed a genius for planing, and sewing ;  
Boys' clothing could make as well as a tailor,  
Her bonnets and dresses were never a failure.  
A good nurse in sickness ; in health a kind friend ;  
She was kept ever busy — right on to the end.  
No child called her mother, no man called her wife,  
Yet of many a mother, she brightened the life ;  
Tho', her own had small brightness.

From cradle to grave  
She'd the heart of a poet ; the life of a slave.

## QUESTIONINGS.

---



FEW short years and we'll be gone,  
All earthly ties must sever.  
The places on earth, which know us now,  
Will know us no more forever ;  
And others will come to fill each void —  
Yes, other forms and faces  
Will gather and act on life's vast stage,  
And fill our vacant places.  
While we lie mouldering into dust  
The proudest head laid low,  
Uncared for, forgotten by those who live ;  
And they, in their time, must go.  
Alas, why is it so ?  
I strive to conquer each sinful doubt,  
But still my heart cries, " Why ? "  
" Oh, why need we thus have lived and loved,  
Since all must surely die ? "  
*And God vouchsafes reply, —*  
" Ye do not die ; they are not dead.  
But just across death's river ;  
That dark stream cannot separate  
God's loving ones forever.  
What I do, ye cannot know now,  
Your questionings all are vain,  
*Trust me*, be faithful to the end,  
Then I will make all things plain."

# GOD'S BOOK.

---

HEAVENLY Jesus, pure and mild,  
Blessed Mary's Holy Child,  
Kindly listen while I pray,  
Oh, take my every sin away !

I do not ask for earthly fame,  
But oh, I pray to have my name  
Recorded in thy Book above,  
There written by a Saviour's love.

Then give me not my portion here,  
But grant that I with joy may hear  
Thy words of welcome at the last,  
When all of time and earth are past.



# \* The Thunder Storm \*

— At Rockaway Beach. —




LASH on flash, the lightning gleaming,  
Through the inky blackness streaming ;  
Peal on peal, the thunder breaks,  
Till Earth to her foundation shakes ;  
Thus Heaven's artillery loudly roaring,  
While o'er the Earth in torrents pouring  
The rain in deluge falls.

The wild winds shriek, like spirits lost,  
Thro' bending forests, tempest tost.  
The furious waves roll mountains high :  
Dash on the shore with angry cry ;  
While man and beast shrink back with fear,  
This war of elements to hear,  
This fearful strife appals.

But, thanks to God, His mightier power  
Can rule e'en in this dreadful hour.  
He holds the winds within his hand ;  
He rules the Heavens, the Sea, the Land ;  
When He commands them : " Peace, be still "—  
They must obey the Master's will.  
All bow to Nature's God.

## To My Old Writing Desk.

---

EAR old desk, how many hopes  
And joys and griefs of mine  
Have been confided to thy care,  
Hid 'neath this lid of thine !

In youth, when hope and trust were strong,  
This heart was light and free ;  
I told you all my joys, and found  
A faithful friend in thee.

When youth and youthful joys had fled,  
When grief and sorrow came ;  
To thee I made my sad complaints,  
And found you still the same.

When other hands shall lift thy lid,  
My secrets from thee take,  
O, may they gently deal with them  
And thee too, for my sake !



# REVELATION.

## 21st Chapter.



HEAVEN and Earth, both new I saw ;  
The old worlds past to come no more.  
And O, the wond'rous truth to tell :  
God with his People there did dwell.

In that bright world, not one shall die !  
He wipes the tears from every eye.  
There, not one can suffer pain ;  
No sorrow reach them e'er again.

All former things are passed from view :  
Behold ! He maketh all things new.  
The *Alpha* and *Omega* see !  
“ I am the First and Last,” says He.

“ To him who is athirst, will I  
“ Give drink from fountains never dry.  
“ To him who overcomes, I'll give  
“ With Me in that bright world to live.  
“ And I his friend and God will be,  
“ And he shall be a son to Me.”--

In that new city, pure and bright,  
Which needs no sun, for God its light  
Will fill it with a radiance rare,  
All glorious bright.—No night is there.

And all day long the pearly gate  
Is left ajar, that none need wait ;  
But all who will may enter in,  
If they but cast away their sin,  
And write their names by deeds of love  
In the Lamb's Book, kept Above.



# Christmas Greeting.

*December 25th, 1878.*



MERRY Christmas, Freddie,  
Full of life, and hope, and joy !  
This is thy mother's greeting  
To you, her darling boy.  
And could thy mother have her wish,  
No cloud would e'er arise  
To dark the sunshine of thy life,  
Or dim its brightest skies.  
But life is not all sunshine, —  
'Tis best that it is so,  
Else we would ne'er desire a home  
Where purer radiance glow. —  
Be sure the great wise ruler  
Will do for us the best,  
If we but do our duty here  
And trust to Him the rest.  
Then gladly take life's sunshine,  
Its shadows bravely bear ;  
We will soon be home, dear Freddie,  
And all is brightness there.  
Do you remember, Freddie,  
The sweet Christmas days gone by ?  
When we sang our hymns together :  
Our dear Georgie, you, and I ! —

When mother told the story  
Of the Holy Christ Child's birth :  
How He came down from glory  
To dwell with us on earth.  
And how He lived so lowly here  
And died, our souls to save,  
And how He suffered for us,  
And triumphed o'er the grave. —  
Returned then to His glorious home,  
There to prepare a place  
For all who love and serve Him here,  
And trust His heavenly grace.  
O, don't forget those teachings,  
My boy, where'er you roam ;  
Remember always, Freddie,  
This world is not our home.  
Then gladly take life's sunshine,  
Its shadows bravely bear ;  
We will soon be home, dear Freddie,  
And all is brightness there.



# A Mother's Prayer.

---



H, hear me now ! Thou God, to whom  
None ever plead in vain ;  
Bind up this aching heart of mine,  
So full of grief and pain.  
Oh God ! my child, my boy, for whom  
I've toiled and prayed so long,  
Has left the path of virtue's ways  
And joined the downward throng.

But tho' he 's strayed from truth and right,  
In pity, Lord, forgive !  
Bring back the wanderer to Thy fold  
And bid the sinner live.  
Let not the tempter lead him down  
To ruin, dark and deep.—  
Oh, from the fate of wicked men  
My child, my darling keep.—  
Give him repentance, true, sincere,  
Before too late it be.  
Bring back my boy—for Jesus sake—  
To truth, to right, and Thee.

---



## My • False • Friend.

---

OH, HAD it been a foe or a stranger  
In scorn and derision, I'd smile ;  
But you ! my dear friend and companion,  
Whom I've loved all so truly the while.  
  
We have taken sweet council together ;  
In friendship and love we have talked ;  
Sweet communion oft held with each other  
As to the house of our God we have walked.  
  
And yet in my heart I don't hate thee,  
Don't wish for thy downfall or woe.  
May death not come too hastily upon thee ;  
God give thee repentance to know,  
Ere too late, to avail for thy pardon,  
' True repentance for sin may He send.  
I forgive ; I pray God to forgive thee,  
My enemy, — once my dear friend.

*Part of 55th Psalm.*



## Dina's • Forgiveness.

*A Southern Incident.*

**P**ARSON, dat nigger been 'busin me —  
    Been nokin me erbout,  
And callin names, and cussin ;  
    At las' he chucked me out.  
Dis time I can't, I won't forgib,  
    I hate 'im worse dan pisen.  
I mean to git de law on 'im  
    And send 'im way to prisenn."

"Why, Dina ! you're a Christian,  
    You must be good and true,—  
Must love your enemies—pray for them,  
    No matter what they do.  
If good for evil you return,  
    In the Bible I have read,  
That coals of fire you thus may heap  
    Upon the sinner's head."

"Well, tank you Parson, if dat's so  
    Den I'll go home contented.  
Some night I'll make 'im squirm and yell  
    And wish dat he had 'pented.  
Yes, I'll forgib and pray for 'im ;  
    And when the coals git red,  
I'll take a subble full and pour 'em  
    Right atop his hed.  
Yes, 'deed I will ! I'll make dat nigger  
    Wish shure dat he was dead."

# \* WIFE \* WANTED. \*

---

BY EUGENE LEON.

IN NEW YORK WEEKLY.

---



My friends, you'll think it strange, I fear,  
I do upon my life,  
That I before you should appear,  
And say, "I want a wife!"  
She must be neither tall nor short,  
From five to five feet four;  
Will do to be a little less,  
Or e'en a trifle more.  
I do not wish for beauty great,  
Or form of fairest mould,  
But, I desire above all else,  
She may not be a *scold*.  
Now, if she be a lady learned,  
And of a well fraught mind,  
She need not have accomplishments,  
But must be good and kind.  
I'm five feet ten, my form is good, my eyes are bright and blue;  
My hair is dark, and in my face dwells every healthy hue.  
Now, if a lady (having rocks)  
Myself desires to see,  
A note put in the lamppost box  
Will come allright to me.

# Answer to "Wife Wanted."

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BY MYRIAM FRENCH.

IN N. Y. WEEKLY, "JENNIE MARVIN."

---

**E**UGENE, you say, "you want a wife" — I think that I will do ;  
Since rocks are all she needs to have, I've got them, not a few.  
I am not tall, nor very short, just five feet in my hose ;  
My hair is red, my eyes are green, and turn-up is my nose.  
I'm glad that beauty you despise, with forms of fairest mould,  
I'm humpbacked, ugly, lame, and lean ; but then I never scold.

Accomplishments you do not want, that pleases me, my honey, —  
For I've not got a single one, but then I've lots of money.  
I am a lady learned, you see, and of a well fraught mind,  
And if no one opposes me, I'm very good and kind.  
Now, tho' I lack accomplishments, and own I'm rather plain —  
I love the beautiful, and you are not the least bit vain.

But, O, you must be lovely, pet — if all you say be true —  
About your form, your hues, your hair, your eyes so bright and blue !  
I'm sure we'll please each other well, so answer right away —  
We'll finish up this business quick, say, *shall I name the day ?*



## \* Growing Old. \*

---

**T**is o'er the past my memory strays,  
Recalling bygone years ;  
The fond hopes fled, the loved ones dead,  
Mine eyes melt into tears.  
It frets me not that my brown hair  
With silver gray is sprinkled,  
Nor yet because my once smooth brow  
Is faded now and wrinkled.  
'Tis not the thought of growing old,  
Nor loss of youth or beauty ;  
But disappoints, life's mistakes,  
And oft, neglected duty.  
Had I accomplished all, or half,  
I hoped when young to do,  
Methinks I would not feel so sad  
To take this backward view.

# My • Rich • Old • Beau.

---



RICH old miser, fat and sixty,  
Came a courting me one day.  
I thought he was a friend of Papa's,  
And tried to please him everyway.

Then, fancy, if you can, my feelings,  
When this gouty did begin  
To tell me, O ! how much he loved me.  
And how much he had of tin !

I told him I would never wed him,  
Said he was too old and fat,  
And much more would have said ; but Papa  
Thundered, " Stop, no more of that."

Then he told this little, big man,  
Very short and very wide,  
I should marry him, for certain ;  
In one month should be his bride.

Whew ! thought I, you two old fogies  
Think to have things all your way,  
But you'll find, or I'm mistaken,  
Someone else will have a say.

I straightway, wrote a note to Charley,  
Telling him the whole affair.  
He answered, " Meet me in the lane, love,  
And we'll beat this precious pair."

We met, as twilight gathered round us,  
My heart and conscience in a strife ;  
I went with Charley to our Parson's,  
Who quickly made us man and wife.

Next day the fat man looked quite foolish,  
And my father raved and swore ;  
But he at last forgave us kindly,  
And now my troubles all are o'er.



## Set not up Idols in Your Hearts.

— — — — —

**I**ORD, in this have I sinned :  
But the folly is o'er,  
Thou hast shattered mine idols ;  
I will raise them no more.

— — —

A well may be deep, but without a supply  
In process of time it will surely run dry.  
So fondest affection,  
Tho' long it may burn,  
In time must die out, if it meet no return.

— — —

Our smallest offerings God accepts,  
If our best it be —  
And says, as you have done to these,  
So you have done to  
ME.



➤ TO MABEL. ➤

## The Flowers' Fancy Ball.



MAY ! here are invitations — for you, and one, and all,  
Such charming invitations, To the flowers' fancy ball,  
To be held at Garden City — the elite will all be there ;  
Lords Mirtle, Fern and Ivy, and Lady Maidenhair,  
Prince Feathers and Sir Goldenrod,  
Lord Coxcomb, and his bride, the lovely Lady Lily,  
And many more beside.  
Miss Rose, the belle and beauty, Miss Daisy bright and fair ;  
And darling little Buttercup, with Primrose, will be there.  
Miss Marigold the stately, with Pansy by her side,  
And sweetest little Snowdrop, our lovely village pride.  
There will be your own sweet William,  
My Johnny Jumpup too,  
And that dear ragged Sailor, who will bring along his crew.  
And jolly Batchelor Button, to all our hearts so dear ;  
And many, many others I cannot mention here.  
Dear May, be ready early, I'll call for you at noon ;  
And we will have a merry time !

Your ever loving,

JUNE.

# Easter Greeting.

To Mattie, our Baby.

---



MY life is almost ended,  
While yours is just begun,  
But time will swiftly pass for all,  
For all will soon be done.  
Improve the years, my darling --  
As one by one they're past, --  
And may each Easter bring to you  
Joys brighter than the last.  
Lay treasure up in Heaven,  
Take Christ for friend and guide ;  
Then He will give you at the last  
An endless Eastertide.

---

May Heaven's light,  
All pure and bright,  
Be round thy pathway ever ;  
Every joy be thine while here,  
Lord bless and keep my Mabel dear,  
Forever !

# The Lost Child.



WAS in a charming village home,  
With every comfort blessed ;  
A lovely child played on the floor,  
In whitest garments dressed.

The evening meal was ready quite —  
Papa would soon be here,  
To clasp the darling in his arms,  
And kiss the mama dear.

A messenger called, the servant went,  
And left the open door ;  
Her errand done, she quite forgot  
The child upon the floor.

Soon after missed him, looked about ;  
Then called she up the stair,  
“ Oh, Mrs Gray, please tell me quick —  
Is little Georgie there ? ”

“ No, he is not,” mama replied.  
(She in her room was dressing)  
But swift she hurried down the stairs,  
Her anxious fears confessing.

They looked about in every room ;  
No Georgie could they find —  
Then to the gate poor mama flew,  
She almost lost her mind.

Crying alas, " My child is lost ! "  
She ran from street to street ;  
The frantic creature sped along —  
With unbound hair, and slippered feet.

Calling for Georgie on she flew —  
Still causing fresh alarms,  
Till as her husband came in view,  
She fainted in his arms.

He called a cab — he took her home —  
Left her in Doctor's care ;  
Then started out to look for *George*,  
He hunted everywhere.


Then turn'd disheartened towards his home,  
But paused in glad surprise, —  
For there sat Georgie on the curb,  
And making soft mud pies.

He caught the darling to his heart —  
All soiled with mud and dirt ;  
He soon was laid on mama's breast,  
All smiles and tears — UNHURT.



## The • Household • Tyrant.

---

T's my house, and my husband, my children, *my all* —  
Here I'm supreme in all things, the great and the small ;  
For I rule in my home with a firm iron sway,  
And if any oppose me, they soon rue the day.  
I take no advice, all suggestions I spurn,  
I brook no interference, as all will soon learn.  
If all submit meekly, I'm mild as the May,  
But I raise a great storm, if they dare disobey.  
And if visitors come whom I don't wish to see —  
They very soon know it, no deceit is in *me*.  
What! it may change? I don't fear that one bit,  
Some were born to command, and some to submit.

*Reply.* — But *all* should have some rights, at home or abroad,  
And none are supreme, except the great God.  
All who are kind should be kindly requited.  
No deceit 'tis to treat well the guest you've invited.

---

Some have too much religion, they snivel and sigh —  
But I rule my household, and will till I die.  
I'm just, but I'm firm, and will have my own way ;  
So, now drop the subject, there's no more to say.

*Reply.* — Ah, well, don't call so loud, till you're quite thro' the wood,  
Thus far it is true, you've had nothing but good ;  
But this is true also — as *mother and wife*  
One's worst sorrows often come *latest in life*.

## The Orphan.

---



H, how weary, sad and dreary,  
Is the orphan's lot !  
Yet, mother dear, thy teaching here  
Has never been forgot.  
I know that I will shortly die,  
And pass from earth away.  
My soul shall rise above the skies.  
To realms of endless day.  
There we shall meet at Jesus' feet,  
And be forever blest ;  
All sorrow past, in joy at last,  
Eternally to rest.



### CHANGES.

---

—3—

MR. GRAY was very brown, Mr. Brown was gray ;  
Mr. Strong was very weak, and sad was Mr. Gay ;  
Mr. Little he was large, and Mr. Bigger small ;  
Mr. Long was very short, and Mr. Short was tall ;  
Mr. Rich was very poor, while Mr. Poor was wealthy ;  
Mr. Well was very sick, and Mr. Paign was healthy ;  
Mr. Wright was sometimes wrong ; Mr. Young was old ;  
Mr. Wolf was very mild, and Mr. Lamb was bold ;  
Mr. English he was Dutch, but Mr. French was Dutcher ;  
Mr. Bull a fisher was, and Mr. Fish a butcher ;  
Mr. Merry he was grave, and false was Mr. Friend ;  
Mr. Stout was very thin, and so on to the end.

## ✱ THE ✱ FRIENDS. ✱

---



HEY were chums in their boyhood, and friends in their youth,  
Their hearts knit together in honor and truth ;  
And many times over to each other they swore,  
They'd be true to their friendship till time was no more.  
In each undertaking one failed, while the other  
Was ever successful — one way or another.

One went to the War, was wounded, unhealthy ;  
The other staid home, was prosperous, grew wealthy.

At length said the poor man : " I'll go to my friend ;  
Dear Jack wont refuse, no ; how gladly he'll lend —  
A very few dollars are all I shall need,  
And in this, my last work, I'm sure to succeed."

\* \* \*

" It's a shaky investment, I tell you, my friend,  
On an unpublished book I have nothing to lend ;  
But, I remember old times — and this I will do —  
If it prove a success, I'll buy a volume or two ;

But I'm careful of money — just learning to live "  
Said the other, " Well, I'll try to learn, *how to forgive*."  
Thus they parted in anger, each one went his way,  
To meet never again, from that unhappy day.  
Both sleep in the grave-yard, their labors all past ;  
The rich and the poor equal ground find at last.

On Sending an Easter Card.



DEAR Annie, please accept this card  
In grateful love I send ;  
In memory of your kindness past,  
To one who was your friend.  
God bless you for each kindly deed,  
Each gentle word of cheer ;  
And give you friends in every need —  
Kind friends, who love you dear.  
God give you joy this Eastertide,  
And many, many another.  
In your kind prayers remember *me*,  
*His* lone, heart-broken *mother* !




➤ 'TIS HARD. ➤

'TIS hard to give up every wish,  
Be balked in each endeavor ;  
To meet but covert sneers, and feel  
One's life-work lost forever.  
But harder far, it is to part —  
With loved friends, true and tried ;  
To bow one's head in bitter grief,  
And say : *Alas, they died.*

## My Mother's Face.

*Selected, 1880, by F. D. F.*

 FACE more beautiful far to me  
Than fairest of fair ones can ever be ;  
Dark care and sorrow, with toil and pain,  
Rough hands on that beautiful face have lain ;  
Still dearer far than the fairest can be,  
Is my mother's sweet love lit face to me.  
My poor heart shrinks, and the hot tears fall —  
As I think of the time that must come to all ;  
When the waving grass and the daisies bright —  
May hide that dear face from my sight.

Perhaps our Father, in merciful love,  
Will take me first to that home above ;  
Then by the gates of the golden street,  
I will watch for the sound of her coming feet.  
But if in His wisdom He calls her now  
Placing death's seal upon her brow,  
I know when the years of my life are past,  
And my tired soul enters that home at last ;  
That close by the throne of eternal grace  
I shall see in its beauty — *my mother's face.*



## Jesus Raises the Widow's Son.

---

**A**S He drew nigh to Nain's Gate,  
A widow's darling son  
Was carried forth to burial ;  
He was her only one.  
Tho' many people 'round her crowd  
Christ knows her lonely lot ;  
Divine compassion fills His heart,  
He gently says, "*Weep not !*"  
  
He lays His hand upon the bier :  
The bearers all stand still ;  
Then with resistless firm command  
He speaks His mighty will.  
" Young man, I say to thee, *Arise !*" —  
Back came the pulse of youth,  
In throbbing life through heart and brain ;  
To prove *His* power and truth.  
  
The young man rose upon his bier —  
And spake to those around.  
Christ gave him to his mother dear ;  
Her lost, again was found.

How must her heart have leaped with joy,  
Her gratitude how great  
To *Him*, who gave her back her boy,  
From such a dismal fate !

He raised the dead, He healed the sick,  
He caused the blind to see ;  
At His command, the devils fled,  
And left their captives free.  
Great fear then fell on all around ;  
To God they Glory gave,  
Who thus his people visited —  
From sin and death to save.

*St. Luke :—7th Chapter ; 12th to 17th Verses.*



# TO GEORGE.

*On his 21st Birthday.*

---



H, can it be, that this is he,  
My little plague and joy !  
Light of my home, joy of my heart, —  
My little Georgie boy.

Dear child, it seems so short a time  
Since you were this to me ;  
The time has passed so very fast,  
It seems it cannot be.

And you are now to manhood grown —  
Just twenty-one to-day ;  
Now, tho' I love you more, I feel  
My boy has passed away.

With anxious care and constant love  
I've watched o'er you, my son,  
Thro' all those years, and now I know  
My task is almost done.

I truly thank my God to-day,  
That I have lived to see  
The first-born darling of my youth  
Gain his majority.

The path thy youthful feet have trod  
Up to the present day  
Has not been hard, for mother's love  
The roughness smoothed away.

Life's battles all before you lie —  
Go forth, my boy, to fight ;  
Trust in thy mother's God and thine —  
And battle for the right.

E'en though in the fiercest of the fight  
Thy manly form may bend,  
Trust God, and he will give thee aid  
And victory in the end.



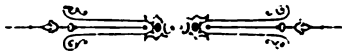




# ✠ Memorial ✠ Poems ✠

BY

MIRIAM • B. • FRENCH,



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1890.



# A Lonely Mother's Sorrow.



My lonely heart in helpless grief, cries out in agony,  
Oh, Freddie ! Oh, my *son*, my *son*, would I had died for thee !  
You say such grief is sinful ; well, sinful it may be ;  
But Jesus pities sinners, I know He pities me.

He did not chide the mother, whom He met at Nain's gate ;  
Mourning, grieving for her son, his early hapless fate.  
To that lone heart He gently said, in accents soft and mild :  
“ *Weep not*,” — to *him*, “ Young man, *arise*,” then gave her back her child.

Then chide not thou my grief and tears, my mourning for my Fred.  
Christ knows my sad and lonely heart, He wept o'er Laz'rus' death,  
I know not why the Master wept, having the power to save  
His loved ones from the grasp of death, and raise them from the grave.

But this I know, that He will raise my darling boy again,  
Not to this life of grief and care, of sorrow, sin and pain ;  
But to that glorious life above, that happy Home of Joy —  
Where Saints and Angels dwell in love, He'll give me back my boy.

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*My Freddie died October 17th, 1888.*

## Gone on His Last Journey.

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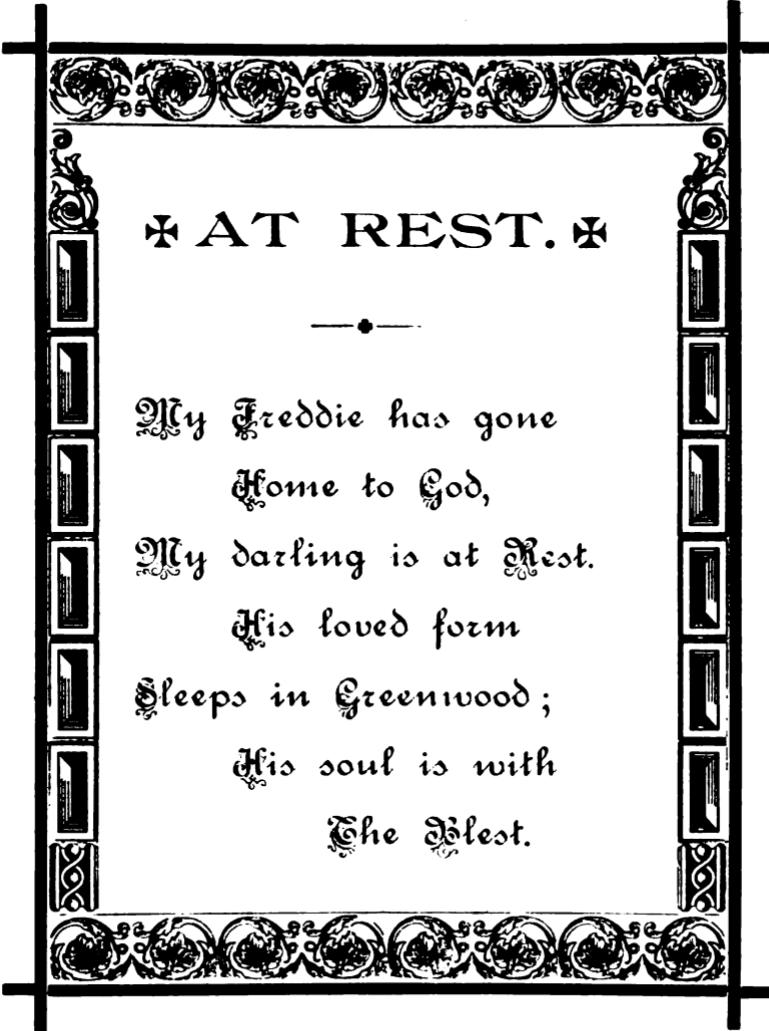


H, I long for you, Freddie, and miss you,  
Feel your loss just as sadly to-day —  
As I've longed for you, darling, and missed you  
Every day since you first went away.

When you used to go off on a journey,  
How my loving heart watched for each mail.  
What joy when you wrote you were coming,  
"I'll be home to-night, Ma', without fail."

Now, alone in my sorrow I'm weeping,  
My heart seems bereft of all joy.  
I so long for your presence, my darling,  
Oh, I miss you so sadly, my boy!

But our partings and meetings are over,  
I may look for a letter in vain,  
For you've gone on your very last journey,  
To return to me never again.



✠ AT REST. ✠

---

My Freddie has gone  
Home to God,  
My darling is at Rest.  
His loved form  
Sleeps in Greenwood;  
His soul is with  
The Dearest.



## Communion of Saints.



**C**an our loved ones, dwelling high  
With the saints in yon blue sky;  
Look upon this world below,  
All our joys and sorrows know.  
Do they love us still, and care  
For our happiness and welfare?

Ah, yes, methinks, those gone before  
Are still our pathway watching o'er,  
Rejoiced if we may win the prize,  
And rest with them in Paradise.





# MEMORIAL

*My dear Nephew,*

**WILLIAM A. NELSON.**

*Died October 13th, 1889.*

WILLIE, how our hearts clung round you,  
How we loved our darling boy ;  
And oh, Willie, how we miss you  
In this world of little joy !  
Thy lone father mourns thee sorely  
And can find no comfort here ;  
Thou wast his all, his last earth treasure —  
His own beloved Willie dear.  
Wife and children long gone from him ;  
You alone were with him left  
A few short years, now gone to meet them ;  
Truly he is sore bereft.  
His last words were, "Come, William Nelson,  
To those mansions bright on high,  
Prepared by God, for those who love Him —  
Glorious home, where none can die !"  
  
Then cheer thee, lonely hearted father,  
Look above — where they are gone ;  
Time is short, thou soon may'st meet them  
In that home, where none can mourn.



## God's Unpolished Jewel.



WHEN God makes up his jewels,  
Some there are will shine  
With fairest, brightest lustre,  
In that pure light Divine,  
Who, here despised and hidden ;  
Pure diamonds in the rough,  
Unknown, they fill their mission ;  
*God knows them*, that's enough.  
Then do not be discouraged  
However low thy lot, —  
When God makes up his jewels  
Thou shalt not be forgot.







## Shall We Know Each Other There?

---

DEAR Jimmie, the stars are shining bright  
In the azure sky to-night :  
All around is bright and fair ;  
But where are you, my boy, oh where ?  
Thy loved form sleeps beneath the sod,  
Thy spirit has gone home to God.  
Can thy blue eyes, full of love,  
Look down upon us from above ?  
Dost wait to greet us on that shore,  
As one by one we are passing o'er ?  
Has thy dear mother found her son,  
Her dearly loved, her only one ?  
And that last dear one gone from earth,  
Has she too gained a Heavenly birth ?  
Our darling Vina, bright and fair,  
Oh, Jimmie, has she joined you there ?



### ◀ WHY † I † KEEP † IT. ▶

YOU ask me why I keep that box ? So ugly as it is ;  
I care for it and keep it, because it once was His.  
And all His small belongings, tho' worthless they may be  
To those who did not love Him so, are very dear to me.

## To My Mother in Heaven.

---

**D**EAR mother, 'tis twenty years to-day,  
Since you were called from earth away ;  
In bitter anguish I did pray  
To God to take me too.

'Twas wrong, but oh ! I loved you so,  
And my young heart was full of woe,  
I could not bear to have you go —  
And leave me all alone.

And now, though all these years have fled,  
Since you were numbered with the dead,  
I long to lay my weary head  
Upon thy faithful breast.

For oh ! my gentle mother mild —  
So many sorrows, fierce and wild —  
In all those years have bowed thy child,  
In sadness, grief and tears.

On earth I find no love like thine,  
To cheer me on, dear mother mine,  
Methinks the nearest to Divine  
Is holy Mother Love.

# IN MEMORIAM

REV. CALEB C. CLAPP.

**H**E is gone ! Oh, we shall miss him,  
Our kind friend and Pastor dear.  
See the congregation mourning,  
Children weeping 'round his bier.  
Faithful worker in God's pasture —  
Feeding sheep and lambkins too,  
Caring for God's poor and needy,  
Ever faithful, ever true !

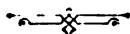
Though great our loss thy gain is greater,  
Thou didst labor long and well.  
The Glories bright, which now await thee,  
Mortal tongue can never tell.  
No eye, no ear, hath seen or heard,  
No mortal mind can understand  
The glories of the great Eternal,  
The joys of our Emanuel's land.

Asleep in Jesus thou art resting  
With the Saints in Paradise —  
Till the Master comes to call thee,  
Then with joy shalt thou arise ;  
Arise to know the full fruition,  
Of the faith by Jesus taught ;  
Arise in triumph through salvation,  
By the blood of Jesus bought.

## \* ALONE. \*



ALONE with God, when none are near  
To mark the groan, the falling tear,  
We bend the knee -- the head we bow  
And pray for Grace -- as I do now ;  
With riven heart, thus bending low  
I pour out all my grief and woe,  
To Him who hears the raven's cry —  
I know He will not pass me by.



And He can heal the wounded heart,  
Find balm for every cruel smart.  
He says : " Come, weary ones, to me ;  
Ye heavy laden I will free,  
Come, I will give you rest."

# On the Death of Eliza Jane Hoagland,

*My lifelong friend*

DIED DECEMBER 28, 1870.

---

HER pale, thin hands are folded  
Across her peaceful breast ;  
With all her life tasks ended,  
She has lain her down to rest.

In vain friends weep around her,  
In vain her children call, —  
She heedeth not their anguish,  
But calmly sleeps through all.

Her sufferings all are ended,  
She is free from every pain ;  
Oh, strive not, then, to wake her  
To these sad scenes again.

But gently lay the casket  
Away in Mother Earth ;  
The Soul, the part immortal,  
Has found a higher birth.

That soul, supremely happy,  
Now dwells with God above ;  
Then let us strive to meet her  
In that bright home of love.

She knows the full fruition  
Of the faith by Jesus taught, —  
She has gained the great salvation  
Through the blood of Jesus bought.

Then sweetly sleep in Jesus,  
Dear Mother — Sister — Friend ;  
Again we hope to meet thee,  
When time for us shall end.



## ✠ On the Death of William S. Haight. ✠

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I CANNOT tell just how it is —  
How changed all things seem,  
My life has been — since Willie died — a dream,  
A long, sad dream.  
I go about my work each day, I try to do each duty ;  
For strength and grace I often pray,  
But life has lost all beauty.  
Ambition, hope, all, all are dead ;  
They fled when he was taken.  
My darling ! Oh, my precious boy !  
I feel so lone, forsaken !  
But God is good, yes, ever good, and Christ is all my stay,  
His spirit bright will give me light  
To cheer my lonely way ;  
And soon those pearly gates ajar  
Will open wide for me ;  
And I shall gladly enter in, and all the dear ones see.  
Forever blest, in peace and rest —  
With God eternally.

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*Written for his aunt and adopted mother,*

MRS. CATHERINE A. BRAMBLE.

# \* JESUS' \* PRAYER. \*

John, 17th Chapter.

**F**ATHER, He said, I pray for those whom Thou hast given me  
From out the world, I leave them now  
And come again to Thee.  
Thy word of truth I've given to them, and kept them in Thy name.  
I ask Thee not to take them hence,  
But keep them still the same.  
And not alone for these I pray, my own companions dear,  
But for all those, who through their word  
Believe my teaching here.  
Father, I will that where I am, these also there may be,  
Behold my Glory — share the love  
Thou ever gavest to me.



## REMEMBER.

**W**HEN I lie in my coffin bed,  
Wreath not fresh flowers 'round my head,  
To mock the sunken features—dead.  
And when you lay me in the tomb,  
Let not your hearts be filled with gloom :  
For all who seek in Heaven there's room.  
There let me rest, but do not weep :  
He giveth His beloved sleep—  
The soul that trusts Him, He will keep.

REMEMBER !

✻ Fear • Not. ✻

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*Gen. xxvi: 24.*


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**W**HEN cares, and griefs thy soul oppress,  
And when perplexities distress,  
FEAR NOT.  
And when the storms of life are high —  
And when no other help is nigh ;  
FEAR NOT.  
And when thou bendest thy knee in prayer,  
Look up with faith, for *I am there.*  
FEAR NOT.  
Tho' hard thy lot, and rough the road ;  
'Twill lead thee home, to Mine abode.  
FEAR NOT.  
As thy need, thy strength shall be —  
Onward then, — *and trust in Me !*  
FEAR NOT.  
My word shall never pass away —  
I'll lead thee safe to endless day.  
FEAR NOT.



# TEACHINGS.

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H, let her laugh, and dance, and sing  
Like happy birdling on the wing —  
Till age shall lead her to the tomb ;  
Then time enough for thoughts of gloom.  
Then time enough for prayer and sigh ;  
*I know, sometime we all must die.*

But never now, by word or breath —  
Let come to her one thought of *death* !

Far better teach of faith and truth ;  
For she may die, while in her youth.  
Teach her of Him, who died to save —  
From that *worse death*, beyond the grave.  
Teach her to love the Crucified ;  
He conquered death, *in that He died*.

She still will dance, and laugh, and sing —  
Like joyous bird upon the wing.  
All truest joys be hers while here ;  
And death she'll meet, without a fear.



# The Author's Apology.

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**Y**OU say I was a Poet born,  
My friends, this may be so ;  
I may have had some talent once,  
But this I surely know —  
That if Dame Nature at my birth —  
A Poet meant of me,  
Then circumstances after  
Changed her plans entirely.  
For mine has been a checkered life,  
With less of joy than pain ;  
But this is here the lot of most,  
So I will not complain.  
And now, dear friends, accept this book ;  
As 'tis done at your desire. --  
Don't criticise.  
Excuse all faults ;  
While I bow, and retire.























